

Krumb Snatcha

"Streets is Calling"

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[Krumb Snatcha]

buckets of coke
thinking of ice
this the life
young soldiers lead until they meet with christ
streets got a price every man will pay
just hope and try to pray
you'll understand one day
how them strays a strike and hit windpipes
kids in the ghetto know what macks sound like
when rounds is spit clowns is hit
we end the whole circus with unsolved murders
dirty burners control the streets
we call'em burgers cause they bringin nothin but beef
any weather niggaz drawing the heat
close range leavin brains on the side of the jeep
you slow on that re-up and owe about the gee-up
watch for them 4's hit the floor with ya feet up
exercise with techs to guys
every state feds want for the next to fry
try and stop the vision or the block mission
or us under class kids with no pot to piss in
man listen!

[Chorus: Mexicana]

these streets keep calling you
no use running time is coming
these streets keep calling you
cops is shady murdering babies

[Krumb Snatcha]

underworlds of extortion
girls with abortions
aids underaged and a foot from they coffin
as the mother just stay watching
life ahead is a bed as she lay coughing
no rubber on her lover's costing
stuck with this brother in the streets lost an...
living in fantasy
big house and canopy
but stuck on the edge of insanity

inside the man in me
know how it feels
stress out and you reaching for them bottle of pills
life's ill's can corrupt the mind
a thin line
livin' right or adapt for crime there's no between
shells that's rupture the spleen
either that or the gat you cuffed in the bing
my niggaz know!!

[Chorus: Mexicana]

these streets keep calling you
no use running time is coming
these streets keep calling you
cops is shady murdering babies
these streets keep calling you
shells is squeezing what's the reason
these streets keep calling you
soldiers falling god is calling

[Krumb Snatcha]

let's take a journey where killers a go
iron poles on the low no chance on parole
3 man board wanna play ya lord
and you feeling like the choking on umbilical cords
CO's wanna spit in the food of every dude
so niggaz walk around wit an attitude
stressed out only weights to press
and the government wonder why we make the press
can you relate to a nigga distressed
on his knees of the church or mosque confess
to living a life of selling souls for ice
like a roll a dice
in the coldest of nights...
the streets keep callin!!

[Chorus: Mexicana]

these streets keep calling you
no use running time is coming
these streets keep calling you
cops is shady murdering babies
these streets keep calling you
shells is squeezing what's the reason
these streets keep calling you
soldiers falling god is calling

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